

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MOLLY DHU AT THE KEYHOLE.

THE NEIGHBOURS OF KILMACLONE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ELOPEMENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BEFORE the master of the Lees could reach the room-door, it was opened by Molly Dhu, candle in hand, and followed by Jaimsay Regan in a state of high excitement.

"Good evening, Mr. Regan, is there anything wrong—I mean anything the matter?" said Cornick.

"Matther enough, an' wrong enough too, Mither O'Dillon. I want to spake wid ye in private, if ye please," cried the agitated visitor.

"Sit down, then, and out with it; there's nobody here but my mother, and you and I can have no secrets from her." Cornick was right, for Molly had made a rapid retreat, closing the door behind her, and of course taking her station at the keyhole, as she invariably did when there were signs of something in the wind.

"The best o' good evenin's to ye, Mrs. O'Dillon, an' ye'll excuse my onthrusion; so will you, Misther Cormick, an' I am very sorry, but it's about the bad action that yer son Connel has done to me an' my family," and Jainsay seated himself with great solemnity.

"My son Connel, what has he done to you?" said Cormick.

"Run away, Misther O'Dillon; run away this very night to Teol Roe's sisthers, wid that threacherous, decateful colleen Stacy, that I have had to maintain these seven years an' more. Oh, the cockathrice! oh, the salamander! oh, the born daughter of Judas Discariot, that she is, an' Connel's nearly as bad to run away wid her, an' him as good as promised to my Nancy. Yes, Misther O'Dillon, ye may look extonished, but it's as thrue as truth," said Jainsay; "didn't everybody in yer respectable house observe the attintions he paid her on Hallow Eve night, dancin' jigs wid her, an' sittin' by her side like an entirely capthervated swine, as them love songs says, not to spake of axin' for her por-thrack an' a lock of her hair? Misther O'Dillon, it's as bad as parjury."

"Oh, nonsense, neighbour," and Cormick could not help laughing, in spite of the anything but agreeable surprise which the intelligence gave him, "there is no perjury in the case. Connel may have carried fun and flattery a little too far, as young fellows will; time has not sobered and settled them, as it has you and me, Mr. Regan; but I am sure he broke no promise, nor made any to your daughter. The runaway is not a bit pleasanter news to me than you seem to think it; but, since it has happened, the only thing we can do is to get them decently married."

"Married! Misther O'Dillon, would ye let yer son put a ring on the finger of a colleen widout fortin enough to jingle on a tombstone, an' hardly a decent stitch to be seen in?" cried Jainsay.

"Not if it could be helped; but Connel has run away with the girl, and, as a Christian and an honest man, with daughters of my own, I could not take it on my conscience to prevent the match. You are Stacy's uncle, the nearest relation she has among the living, I believe, and you are not a poor man, Mr. Regan; of course you will fetch her home at once to prevent scandal, make a decent wedding, and do what you can for her in the way of fortune. I promise you, I will do all I can for—" Connel, the kindly father would have said, but Jainsay interrupted him.

"Me fetch her home—me make a weddin'—me give her a fortin!" he cried, in a tone that might have been heard at his own Moss; "my respected neighbour, I know it's the full o' the moon; but I always thought you the most sensible man in Kilmaclone."

"And what has happened to change your opinion, Mr. Regan? Why shouldn't you do all that I have said, and all you could besides, for your own niece? Stacy's a purty girl, and a good one. I'll be bound the runaway was Connel's doing, and not hers; those young rascals can always get over the colleens; and I am just as sure that your daughter Nancy had more sense and more spirit than to mind his flattering tongue; she'll get a better husband than him any day," said Cormick.

"There isn't a doubt o' that, Misther O'Dillon, there's the gintlemin of fortin an' pursition wantin' her this prisent minute; but it's on account of yer son

I'm spakin'. My highly respected neighbour," and Jainsay stepped close up to Cormick, and spoke in a whisper, "I came here the minute that Teol Roe's sisthers sint me the ontelligence—they had imperence enough to do that—jist to make a purposal on account of the great disteem I have for yer seed, breed, an' gineration; if you're agreeable—I know Connel 'll do anything ye bid him detarminedly—I can lay down seven hundred pounds, as good money as iver came out o' the County Bank, wid my Nancy, an' make the grandest weddin' that iver was seen in Kilmaclone into the bargain, an' sind that thraiter Stacy off til Americay—it's too good a place for her, Misther O'Dillon, for I know she induced yer son—an' the neighbours needn't know much about the business; for I'll give Teol Roe's sisthers somethin' to hould their tongues, which iverybody says they niver did since they were born."

Old Mrs. O'Dillon had sat silent in her corner till Regan reached this part of his subject, but now rose and stepped up to the two men. "Fie, Jainsay Regan," she said, "you who have had a wife and have still a daughter, to lay such a wicked plan against the orphan child of your dead brother, and try to tempt my Cormick with your dirty gatherings, as if one of his race and name was ever bought over by the like; go home and repent, and act like a Christian to your niece and everybody else for time to come, or judgment will overtake you." Jainsay looked at her half-frightened for a moment, and the good woman had some hopes of winning him over to the right. "Yes," she continued, "judgment in this world or the next will fall upon every one who forgets his duty to near and helpless relations; but you'll think better of it, Mr. Regan; you'll go home and send for poor Stacy, and see what you can do for her."

By this time Jainsay was himself again; he made one spring to the table where lay Maurice's Latin dictionary, which, in his limited acquaintance with literature, he took for a Douay Bible. Mrs. O'Dillon was known to possess, and kissing the back most energetically, he shouted, "By the contints of this book and the cross that's on my beads at home, Stacy Regan 'll niver darken my door, so—" but the old grandmother's still active hand snatched away the book before he could finish.

"You profane and foolish man, you'll swear no more on my poor boy's school-book. Cormick, my own son," and she laid her other thin hand on the shoulder of the robust and grey-haired man, "be advised by your old mother and your own conscience; never mind what this hard-hearted money-loving man says, it is but the voice of the tempter speaking with his tongue, as he does often enough with the tongues of both men and women. Since Jainsay Regan will not take home his poor niece now that her good name is endangered with your own son, bring her home to your house, and let the young people be honourably and Christianly married before worse comes of it."

"I will, mother dear," said Cormick, in the same tone of affection and reverence with which he replied to her advices in his schoolboy days.

"Will ye, indeed?" cried Jainsay, breaking through all the restraints of respect and civility in his desperation at the failure of his long-cherished design for making Nancy a lady; "thin, my gintleman and my ould lady too, let me tell ye that ye'll live to repent it, if my name's Mr. James Regan o' the

Moss; it's satisfaction I'll have out o' you an' yours for the slight an' scorn your son has put upon my daughter this night," and rushing out of the room, to the great danger of Molly's limbs—indeed, he escaped breaking his own over her by a sort of marvel—Jaimsay slammed the door behind him, and flew home on the wings of wrath.

Elopement, or, as it was popularly called, running away, had been for many a generation the favourite expedient of Irish youth for getting over any family impediment to the course of their true love, and bringing any courtship that happened to be particularly imprudent and penniless to the happy conclusion of an immediate wedding. Like other peculiar institutions, the said running away had its rules and regulations. The usual thing was for the devoted pair to proceed about sunset to the nearest house that would be likely to receive them, humble but respectable dwellings being generally selected, and the first duty of its inhabitants was to let the parents or nearest relations of the young lady know where and in what company she was to be found, when the latter were expected to take the lovers home, and commence matrimonial negotiations with the young gentleman's family. These expectations were not to be fulfilled in the case of poor Stacy Regan. As politicians say, complications had arisen, from the over-exercise of her swain's courting powers and the disappointed hopes of her uncle and cousin. But Cormick O'Dillon, the man who had a right to be the most displeased at his eldest son's running away with a penniless girl, stood her friend, according to his good mother's advice and his own honourable feeling. It was Cormick's first experience of the troubles and strifes which the choices and settlements of the young generation bring so abundantly to their seniors; but in less than an hour after Jaimsay Regan had slammed his outer door, he was knocking at the only one in a low cottage, or rather cabin, standing alone in the midst of an extensive bog, and forming, together with the patch of potato ground in its rear, the indivisible patrimony of Teol Roe and his two maiden sisters.

The door was opened by one of the latter, remarkably like her brother in appearance, but some years older, and attired in a flannel skull-cap and the remains of a red cloak; moreover, she was the chief adversary of Molly Dhu, but that fact did not prevent her sincerely respecting the master of the Lees.

"They are here, yer honour," she said, in reply to Cormick's inquiry regarding the runaway pair; "we wouldn't refuse house-room to your son an' anybody he brought wid him, but we knowed no more about the transaction nor the child unborn. I'm not right come to myself yet from the oncounther I had wid them monstherers at the Moss, whin I run to tell them about Stacy. Nancy an' her father both fell on me like dhragons, but for all their timpers I tould them my mind, that they were naggers an' come from the dhirt," and Miss Roe would have rehearsed her entire oration if Cormick had not stopped her with a statement that no blame rested on her or hers; and stepping past her into the cabin, he found Connel and Stacy seated, with Teol's second sister, beside the evening fire, and looking considerably flushed and frightened.

"Come home with me, Stacy; since you have no father nor friends to look after you, I will;" and Cormick took the orphan girl by the hand. "I did not expect that my eldest son would have done the

like unknown to me; but come home, Connel, and we will see to get this business settled. Thank you, good neighbours," he continued to Teol's sisters, "for taking them in so kindly, and letting their friends know." And with one of the runaways on his arm, and the other closely following, the father-in-law elect took his homeward way across the bog.

"You'll forgive me, father?" said Connel, as soon as the two sisters had finished blessing them, and fairly closed the door; "I wouldn't have kept it from you but for fear of the Regans, Jaimsay is so spiteful."

"Yes, and you gave him cause by pretending to court his daughter. Connel, that was a deceitful trick," but Cormick drew the young man's arm within his own as he spoke.

"It was only a joke, father, to keep her quiet. She led Stacy such a life with her humours and her tempers, that's what made us run away. But the fault was all mine," said Connel; "Stacy wouldn't have done the like for the world." Here his chosen bride began to whimper, whereupon Cormick kissed and clapped them both, told them they were his two children, and they should have a merry wedding at the Lees, let the Regans say or do what they pleased.

Cormick's household were still more fully prepared to welcome the fugitives. His mother had announced the elopement and intended home-bringing in due form, and what the "ould misthress" did not think proper to reveal—Jaimsay Regan's declined proposal and parting threats, together with all the conversation that could be caught through the keyhole—was communicated by Molly Dhu to her gossips in the kitchen. Love affairs have an undying interest for the Irish peasant of all ages, especially when pursued under difficulties. Elopements too generally find favour in his sight. That of Connel and Stacy was sufficiently romantic, and, it must be allowed, sufficiently foolish; so when Molly had made known what she called the "villainry of the onnathural uncle," the entire following of the Lees were ready to rise in arms and maintain the cause of the lovers against any odds.

The news spread as the like can spread in Roscommon, and friends and neighbours came as if drawn by an irresistible magnet to the scene of action. Some wanted to know if the report was true; some to see if they could be useful to Cormick under the trying circumstances; and not a few required O'Dillon's permission to fall upon Jaimsay Regan in a body, and either shame or leather him out of his hard-heartedness. They were of no use, and they did not get the permission, but they were thanked for their kindness and asked to stay. Stay they did, and increase in numbers; every minute brought fresh arrivals, till kitchen and parlour were nearly as full as at the Hallow Eve gathering. When Cormick arrived with the runaways in tow, the entire company turned out with shouts of welcome, and Phil Magrory, the most renowned fiddler in Kilmacclone, who had come for the purpose, struck up the "Sprees of Mallow."

"Long life to ye, Miss Stacy! long life to ye, Masther Connel! It's yerselves that was intinded to make the handsome couple!" cried the kitchen company on all sides, as the fugitive pair stepped over Cormick's threshold. And well might they say so. Nature had done much for them, but fortune little; there was love and beauty, youth and health—every

requisite for a happy union except the one not to be dispensed with in modern times, for Connel and Stacy had no money. Yet such was the interest which their peculiar case awoke among the warm-hearted and impressionable people, that their reception by the oldest and wisest there was enthusiastic, and the family who had most cause to blame their precipitate flight were the first to welcome and congratulate them. Her fair face, her orphan state, and amiable gentle disposition, had long ago made Stacy a favourite with the O'Dillions, old and young. Honor kissed her, Maurice shook her both hands, the two young girls clung round her, and the aged grandmother, to whose generous advice she owed so much, clasped her with a blessing, and told Connel he could not have brought her home a better granddaughter.

Hospitality crowned every gathering at the Lees. There was forthwith organised what Molly Dhu called a powerful tay-makin', under her own administration, of course, and the beloved of Teol Roe was thought to excel herself that evening between preparing the fragrant cups and abusing Jainsay Regan, for her best friends agreed that the more Molly scoulded the better tay she made. Teol's sisters and she concluded an armistice for the occasion; as their house had been the scene of the great event, they came to relate particulars and share in the entertainment; and their brother, having somehow heard the news in Rory Lanagan's still-house half-way up Slievebawn, arrived with a keg on his back, which he said he was sartin 'ud be wanted, for there was nothin' so onlucky as a dry runaway. It was astonishing how rapidly the unexpected company arranged themselves round the tables in kitchen and parlour. A festival can be improvised in any Irish house on the shortest notice, and the runaway evening became a complete one. Stacy was seated in the place of honour, between Cormick and his mother, by way of showing their goodwill and keeping up her spirits.

Connel had to stand and parry and answer as best he could a running fire of jokes from all the men on the success of his late fishing. Most of them had known, though his family had not, that the said fishing had been carried on, not in the Shannon, but under a bending ash at the low fence of Jainsay Regan's garden. Young O'Dillon had a fair share of his country's wit; one jest called forth another till the room rang with peals of laughter; the kitchen company were equally merry, and when the tea was fairly discussed, the young people thought they might have a jig or two, as Phil Magrory declared his fiddle was in splendid tune. The young people generally had their way at the Lees. There was no retirement to the barn permitted, the old mistress did not think it advisable on such an exciting occasion; but the elders withdrew to one end of the long parlour to entertain themselves, after their own fashion, with gossip, cards, and punch; the seniors of the kitchen did likewise in their domain, thus a clear space was left in each apartment for the jigs, the fun, and the flirtation, which went on in full flow, while Phil and his fiddle, constituting the entire orchestra, occupied a conspicuous seat in the passage between, and went through his *répertoire* of dancing tunes from, "Up with the Green" to the "Dublin Darlin's."

The sound of merry voices and active feet mingled with those lively strains floated through half-open doors and windows out on the silent moonlit night; the blazing fires and numerous candles cast their

ruddy light over the green meadow in front of the house; but hard by its gate, in a corner shaded by a clump of wild evergreens, there stood a solitary man in a riding coat, with his hand on the bridle of a quiet horse from which he had just dismounted, and that man was Redmond Fitzmaurice.

"I know they would make me welcome," he said to himself, after gazing for a minute or two at the lighted house, and listening to the mirth within; "but there is no time to lose, and I can't go into company with this on my mind. If I could see her alone and warn her against him, since he will stay in the country and I must go! Bother to the bad luck that has attended me ever since I came into the world, and before it; for what else kept my poor mother from having a second wedding in some of the Dublin churches, and so leaving me the poor remnant of the family estate?—small enough prospect it would have been, but still some provision to ask a girl to marry me on; and such a girl, too! if I could see her and tell her all this night before I go! Maybe she would laugh at me for my pains, she's the girl to laugh at a man she didn't care for; yet I think she seemed to like me better than Bourke, for all his flattery and his father's money, much as the last weighs with women nowadays; but I ought to warn her against him, for I know he is a villain; and there's no use in standing here all night, she won't come out from the fun and the dancing; but see her I must, and see her I will; here goes for Con Casey's friend," and Fitzmaurice gave a long low whistle.

Teol Roe was keeping the peace of tongues which threatened to be broken between his two sisters and Molly Dhu over a dilapidated pack of cards with which the four had been engaged, when that low whistle reached his ear; if anybody else heard it, all present knew that Teol was accustomed to receive such telegrams; and remarking that the hait was too much for him, an' he didn't think it lucky either to scould or play cards whin the clock was reproaching twelve, the man of secret service stepped out and was soon at the meadow gate.

"This way, Teol; don't you know me?" whispered Fitzmaurice.

"In course I do, Masther Redmond," said Teol, confirming the general opinion that he could see by night as well as by day.

"Well, Teol, I want you to do a trifle for me; in short, could you contrive to get Miss Honor O'Dillon out to speak with me a minute, and let nobody else know? I have a message for her father, and it don't suit me to go in among the company; but maybe you would drink my health," and Fitzmaurice slipped a half-crown into the traveller's hand.

"Thank yer honour; shure it's proud I'll be to dhrink yer health an' do ye the little sarvice; and it's certain that to nobody but yerself I would bring out O'Dillon's daughter, bekase I know there's no threachery in the blood you're come of, an' my expectation is to dance at yer weddin'; but wait here a minute," said Teol, as he glided up the path and into the house.

Honor had just finished her dance with one of her many admirers, and stepped into the back parlour to smooth her abundant curls, which the exercise had somewhat dishevelled, when Teol looked in with, "If ye please, miss, there's an ould frind o' yer father's at the gate wid a missage of great onportance he wants to deliver to yerself bekase the masther's not convariant, an' he don't like to face the company, not havin' his best clothes on."

"I'll be with him in a minute, and bring him in too," said Honor; "my father wouldn't like his old friend to go from the gate on such a night as this;" and with him she was, but great was her surprise when the "ould frind" stepped out of the shadow of the evergreens, saying, "It is I, Miss O'Dillon, it is Redmond Fitzmaurice; a thousand pardons for bringing you out from your gay company, but I have this evening received a letter from my grandmother's doctor; she has had a fit, or a stroke, as they call it; he says there is no immediate danger, but the old lady wishes to see me at home, and I am on my way to catch the Dublin coach at the 'Shamrock and Shillelah.'"

"But you will come in and see my father and brothers? there is no gay company in our house, but just the old neighbours; they all came to see—to see about my brother's runaway, in short," said Honor. "I mean Connel, he has run away with Stacy Regan. You will remember her, Mr. Fitzmaurice; she was at our house on Hallow Eve, and the handsomest girl in the company."

"That she was not," and Fitzmaurice came a step nearer; "there was one far handsomer than she, and her name was Miss O'Dillon; the handsomest girl I ever saw, and the one I will never forget."

"Now, Mr. Fitzmaurice, how many have you told that story to in your time?" Honor laughed as she spoke, but did not move away.

"I never told it to one but yourself, though doubtless many a man has told you the same; I'll warrant Gerald Bourke did; his father is a rich attorney, who will leave him money and houses and lands, and I am a poor fellow who must get my own living, and should have been getting it long ago but for my poor grandmother, who would not part with me, and I could not go against her will, for she is all the friend I have on earth," said Fitzmaurice.

"I don't care what Gerald Bourke tells, or what riches his father can leave him; by all accounts they were not gathered in a handsome way; and you don't believe I would think a common attorney's son equal to one of your family, and my own relation as you are," said Honor.

"Of course I am"—Fitzmaurice drew another step nearer now—"and just because we are relations, I wanted to see you before I left the country to tell you about this Bourke. He is staying at French Park on his father's business, and I know he has his eye on you, as where is the man would not that ever got a sight of you? But, Miss Honor, he is not a man to be trusted; his heart is set on money, as his father's was before him, and whatever he may say or swear, no girl without it will ever find honourable intentions in him."

"His intentions are of no consequence to me, Mr. Fitzmaurice; I care nothing for Mr. Bourke, or anybody else, for that matter." Even by the moonlight he could see the proud coquettish air of the Roscommon belle.

"But I have something more to say, and I cannot go without saying it." Fitzmaurice spoke low but rapidly, for his heart was in the words. "If an honest man of as good blood as your own, but with no wealth or prospects, except what his resolute endeavours could gain, would say to you, in our true old Irish fashion, 'Miss Honor, agra machree, my heart is yours, and can never be won from you; if you wait for me, I'll go abroad, for an Irish gentleman has no chance at home, and wander the world

round, and work night and day, to get a house and home fit for you to live in, and be a loving, faithful husband to you while life is spared me,' what would you say to that?"

She said nothing, but stood still. Fitzmaurice took her hand; she did not withdraw it, and his eye fell upon a small ring made of hair, braided with gold beads and wire. The making of such rings was one of the fine arts of Roscommon at the period, and Honor was particularly skilled in it.

"This is your own hair, I know it by the jetty shine," he said. "Let me take it for a token that you don't reckon me in the same line with Gerald Bourke, and take mine in exchange till I send you a handsomer one from Dublin; this will be a pattern for the size;" and Fitzmaurice drew off his own signet ring with the crest of his family set in Irish diamonds, while at the same time he attempted to remove the small hair one from her finely-moulded finger. But love tokens were not to be so easily won from Honor O'Dillon.

"No, indeed, Mr. Fitzmaurice, I don't sit for hours making rings to give them to young men by moonlight," and Honor tried to withdraw her hand; but the effort was not a determined one, and her relation kept his hold.

"You'll give it to me, Honor—I can't call you 'miss' any more; you'll give it to me in token that you have some care for me before I go; I will never part with it, except with life too; and you'll take mine till I send you a better one, and look at it sometimes, and think of me and the true love I bear you, when the young men gather about you, like bees about a rose, and Gerald Bourke comes with his flatteries and his fortune."

"Indeed, I can't take your ring, it wouldn't stay on my finger a minute; besides, you want it to seal your letters with; and this one can't be got off, you needn't try; everybody will wonder what we are about here. Who's that coming?" and the active girl plucked away her hand, as her father's voice, half-way down the meadow path, said, "What is it, Honor, my girl?"

"It's Mr. Fitzmaurice, father, and he won't come in, because he is not in full evening dress," she said, with a sly laugh.

"Nonsense!" cried Cormick, as he ran to the young man, and shook both his hands; "a Fitzmaurice miss a merry-making on account of his trim! Don't you know the proverb, 'A true gentleman is always dressed'?" Poor Roger, the last of the O'Gormans, used to quote it when his coat was in rags, and the rest of his clothes, for that matter."

"I know it, and I believe it, Mr. O'Dillon; it was not the want of evening dress that kept me from increasing your company, that was Miss Honor's interpretation to pay me off for bringing her out from some lively dancing partner, to take a message about dull business to you," and Fitzmaurice proceeded to explain the cause of his hasty journey.

"I am sorry to hear it, and hope the worthy old lady may get well over it; but you are right to go, and I think there is no fear of you catching the coach, it always stops a good while at the 'Shamrock;' but you must come in and have a glass of something," said Cormick, "and tell me the business you wanted Honor to speak of."

"It is just this"—Fitzmaurice could tell half the truth when it suited him as well as most men—"let me take your lease in my pocket to Dublin, and get

it renewed, while my poor grandmother is capable of the like; but, for friendship's sake, don't ask me to come in, Mr. O'Dillon, for I have no spirits for company, and no time to lose."

"Well, I won't, and I am thankful for your kind offer about the lease; but won't it look like playing all for myself to the neighbours?" said Cormick; "their leases are running to an end as well as mine."

"You can tell them to-morrow—to night, if you like—to make all the haste they can in the business of renewal; between ourselves, all Kilmaclone should have done it long ago; but time slips away in the country, I suppose. However, it is my duty to look after my own relations; and it would not do to let the heir-at-law and his keen agent know that we had been renewing right and left, before they come into possession, for I regret to say that my poor grandmother's embarrassments have put her somewhat in their power; so do bring me the lease, and let nobody know that I am here."

"I will," and Cormick's tone was sad and subdued; the business went against his mind, but he felt how advisable it was; "run in, Honor, my girl, and keep them from missing me."

Fitzmaurice did not thank the good man for that precaution; but when Cormick returned with his ancient lease, and a flowing bumper of wine, he pocketed the former, drank to the health of Connel and Stacy, promised to send sure intelligence of the Ould Madam's state as soon as possible, and, with many good wishes and hearty hand-shaking, mounted his horse and rode off a more hopeful man than he came.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

BY THE REV. C. B. TAYLER, M.A.

I HAVE the account of a remarkable dream to bring before your readers, for the facts of which I can vouch. My grandfather, Ralph Winstanley Wood, when a young officer, sailed for India in the same ship with the governor-general, Warren Hastings. That great, and yet much maligned man treated the young soldier with marked kindness. His character and conduct had won the high esteem of Mr. Hastings, who offered him the appointment of salt agent, and my grandfather therefore resigned his commission.

He not only bore a high character for uprightness and probity during the years he passed in India, but was distinguished for his kindness of heart and benevolence towards the natives. He and a friend of his of like spirit, Captain Oakes, were the means of saving the inhabitants of a town during a frightful famine. They purchased a shipload of rice, and sold it at market price. It was too often the case in those days that large fortunes were made in India by unprincipled men who scrupled not to act in a very different manner.

My grandfather's departure from India on his return to England took place about the year 1781. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter. It was settled that his wife, with his three younger children, for some reason of which I am ignorant, should remain until the following year. When the time came for my grandmother to leave India and rejoin her husband, she took her passage, and that of her three younger children, in the "Grosvenor" East India-

man, which was announced to sail in the month of June, 1782. My own dear mother was then a child of five years old, but she was older than her sister, and a still younger brother. Those three young children were an anxious charge for their mother to undertake during the voyage, long as it then was, from India to this country.

The day was fixed on which the vessel was to sail, and the preparations were being made for her departure, when my grandmother was troubled by a dream of the shipwreck of the vessel.

She was a woman of strong sense, and she would not allow herself to be disturbed by the unsubstantial visions of a dream. The impression would probably have died away had not the dream occurred again. This startled her, but again she dismissed the thought as foolish and superstitious.

She still kept the dream to herself, and the preparations for the voyage went on. Only a few days would have to pass before she went on board the "Grosvenor," when she again dreamt that the ship was wrecked.

Two days before the vessel was to sail, Mrs. Wood sent to the captain and begged to see him. He came immediately. "I shall astonish you by what I have to tell you," she said, "but I and my children cannot be passengers in your ship to England." She related to him her dream, and told him how often it had returned. She had resolved not to suffer herself to be influenced by it; "but only last night," she went on to say, "that dream came again. You may deem me superstitious, unreasonable, weak, and foolish. It may be you would be right, and I may be wrong; but my mind is made up, my resolution is not to be shaken. You must sail without me."

The friends with whom she was to have sailed came and reasoned with her, laughed at her superstition, reproached her for yielding to it, and entreated her to change her mind. The ladies were especially urgent; some of them were her intimate friends. Gently but firmly she replied to their affectionate importunities, retaining her resolution not to leave India in that ship.

I make no comment here on the fact of the dream, and its influence on her who dreamed, but the reader may like to know the history of the voyage.

The "Grosvenor" sailed on the 13th of June, 1782, on her homeward-bound voyage. No event of any importance took place till the fatal 4th of August. For some days previous to this it had blown very hard, and the passage had been a rough one. The sky had been overcast for some time, and the result was, an error was made concerning the distance of the vessel from land. Captain Coxon thought they were about one hundred leagues from the shore. This calculation, alas! proved quite incorrect. One of the men, who was aloft with some others in the night-watch, thought he saw breakers ahead. He at once drew the attention of his companions, and they saw that such was indeed the case. Upon the captain being informed of this, he at once ordered the ship to veer, but before this could be done her keel struck with great force against the rocks. In a few moments every person was on deck. In vain the captain tried the pumps; no water was found in the hold, the stern being high on the rocks. The powder-room was soon filled with water. The masts of the ship were cut away, but all was of no avail; destruction appeared inevitable. In their dis-

tress three men attempted to swim to the shore by means of the deep-sea line; two of them reached the land, but the other was drowned. The yawl and jolly-boat were dashed to pieces. As quickly as possible a raft was framed for the purpose of conveying the women, children, and the sick to the shore. A hawser was carried to land and fastened round the rocks, but just after the ladies had taken their situation the hawser snapped, the raft was upset, and three men were drowned. After this several men got safely to shore by means of the hawser, but in this attempt fifteen others lost their lives. Providentially the wind soon shifted, and many were soon safely landed.

The perils of the sea had indeed been very great, the horrors of shipwreck very terrible; but worse perils and more terrible trials awaited these unfortunate survivors on land. The following morning the natives came upon them, and carried off all they could lay hands on, without actually plundering from the person. After the natives left them they determined to journey by land to the Cape, and they started upon this expedition, under the command of Captain Coxon. As they went on their way they were followed by the natives, who continually plundered and insulted them. After they had travelled some few miles, they met a large band, among whom was a Dutchman, who warned them of the dangers of their journey, both on account of the natives and also because of the wild beasts. Soon after they were met by three Kaffirs, who were armed with lances, which they held several times to the captain's throat. Annoyed at this, he foolishly wrenched a spear from them and broke it in two. The consequence was that on the following day between three and four hundred of these men, armed for war, stopped them. A fight followed, in which many were wounded but no lives were lost. Peace, however, was made, and the travellers pursued their journey. A few days later the natives again came upon them, and robbed them of everything valuable, including the flint, steel, and tinder-box which had been so useful in kindling fires at night. And now another and a greater difficulty presented itself: the sailors began to murmur, and made up their minds that the best plan would be that every one should look out for himself; but by means of liberal promises many of these men were induced to stay. This murmuring, however, brought about a separation, and the party was divided into two companies, one of which agreed to go on as before, while the other company left them and hastened forward. But they were soon stopped by a river, and the two companies were together again for a time. It was thought by some that they would be in less danger if they travelled in small companies. Accordingly they separated again. The ladies went with the captain—they had hidden their jewels in their hair—but his fate and that of his associates is almost unknown. The other party, which was led by the second-mate, proceeded for some time, when another division took place; half of his company resolving to travel inland, and the others by the shore. Those who took the inland way were soon compelled by hunger to return to the coast, where they could procure shell-fish, which was their principal article of food. One of their company, Captain Talbot, was now quite exhausted. He and his servant were obliged to be left sitting side by side, and they were never again heard of. The others continued their long and painful journey. At one or two of the villages which they

passed on their way, they tried to barter with the people, and in some cases they succeeded; but in others the natives even kept what was given to them in exchange for food, and then refused to complete their part of the bargain. At last they had nothing left to offer in exchange, and as the people refused to give them anything, they were obliged to subsist as well as they could upon shell-fish, now and then enjoying the luxury of a dead seal or whale which they found on the shore. At length they arrived at the entrance of a deep gully, at which these words were traced on the sand: "Turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water." This convinced them that the other party had passed this way, and that they were ahead of them. But their dreadful privations and terrible journey were almost at an end.

Shortly after this they met two men belonging to a Dutch settlement, who were in search of lost cattle. These men treated them well. The travellers related to them their story, and it was found that their journey had lasted 117 days. Next morning a sheep was killed for them, and another Dutchman arrived with a cart and six horses to take the party towards the Cape. To the great credit of the Dutch government, although they were at war with England, they sent out a large party in search of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen who had been lost by their companions. Only twelve of the survivors were found.

Such, then, was the dream, and thus it came to pass that the circumstances which were brought before my grandmother, night after night, were realised. She had seen in her dream the shore of the African coast, and the great, stately ship stranded on the beach of that strange land, among frowning rocks and the foam of raging billows.

When the news of the loss of the "Grosvenor" reached England, my grandfather gave up his wife and children for lost. He mourned for them, feeling as if he and his eldest child—the young, delicate girl whom he had brought home with him—were alone in the world.

Six months had passed away; he was at the house of his wife's mother at Kensington, when a carriage drove up to the door. It contained the wife of his youth, and their three blooming children. The joy was almost overpowering with which he beheld them. That faithful wife, with her usual energy and decision of character, had hastened from the vessel which had brought her safely to England, to be the first to communicate to him the safety of herself and their children. She had only waited for the first ship that sailed, and that was a Danish East-Indiaman, and thus she returned to her husband, to unite with him and her children in blessing and thanking God for his great mercy to them in their wonderful escape.

A FORGOTTEN BEAUTY AND WIT.

RUNNING my eye along the shelves of a library one day in a country house, I saw two large octavo tomes marked "Cockburn's works." Not Dean Cockburn, zealous expounder of Mosaic cosmogony; nor Lord Cockburn, prince of Scottish pleaders, and genial recorder of old Edinburgh traditions; nor Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, first of international jurists; the age of the books showed they belonged to no Cockburn of

recent times. On taking them down I made the acquaintance of a writer new to me, and I fancy to most readers, though distinguished in old days.

"The works of Mrs. Catherine Cockburn, theological, moral, dramatic, and poetical, in two volumes, with an account of the life of the author by Thomas Birch, M.A., F.R.S., 1721," was the imprint of the title-page.

Catherine Cockburn was a Scotch lady, daughter of Captain Trotter, captain in the navy, second in command under Lord Dartmouth at the demolition of Tangier in 1683. She married a clergyman, curate of St. Dunstan's in Fleet Street, and afterwards rector of Long Horseley in Northumberland. Before her marriage, while yet in her teens, Catherine Trotter had written poetical pieces which attracted the notice of the critics.

In 1695, when in her seventeenth year, she wrote a tragedy, "*Agnes de Castro*," which was successfully brought on the stage. Three years later a second tragedy, "*The Fatal Friendship*," was acted at the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn; and in 1701, "*The Unhappy Penitent*." Other dramatic and poetical pieces followed, by which she gained the friendship of Congreve, Betterton, and other notables. The Duke of Marlborough wrote her a most flattering letter on receiving a poem about the victory at Blenheim, saying it was the best thing he had seen of the kind, though his campaigns had exercised the pens of Phillips and of Addison. The Queen of Prussia, daughter of the Princess Sophia, in a letter to Bishop Burnet, said she was charmed with this new "*Sappho Ecossaise*, who seemed to deserve all the praise he had given her." In fact, she was already celebrated as "a beauty and a wit," in a reign where no common excellence was needed to command attention.

But her studies had already taken a different direction, and when only twenty-two she published "*A Defence of Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*," being a reply to the attacks of the Bishop of Worcester and others, and in which "the principles of the Essay with reference to morality, revealed religion, and the immortality of the soul, are considered and justified." Locke was so pleased with the Defence, that he wrote to express his gratification at "the opportunity to own you for my protectress, which is the greatest honour my Essay could have procured me. Give me leave, therefore, to assure you, that as the rest of the world take notice of the strength and clearness of your reasoning, so I cannot but be extremely sensible that it was employed in my defence. You have herein not only vanquished my adversary, but reduced me also absolutely under your power." To successive attacks on Locke's Essay she replied, and as long afterwards as 1726 she had a controversy with Dr. Holdsworth, who in a University sermon at Oxford had charged Locke with denying "the resurrection of the same body." Her vindication of the Essay on this point was complete, and she also undertook a general defence of the principles of Locke. Before this time she had acquired the friendship of Bishop Burnet, the King, the Lord Chancellor, and other leading men. She wrote many controversial pieces, especially a review of the discussion "on the foundation of moral virtue and moral obligation." Her criticisms on the works of Clarke, Butler, Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Warburton, and Watts, show great acuteness and judgment.

The second volume chiefly consists of her correspondence, some of the letters to persons of note, but the majority to members of her own family, especially to a niece in Scotland, to whom she sent charming letters full of interesting references to passing events in the great world. In one of these announcing the death of Pope, she defends his character from various aspersions. "I do not remember any bitter things he has said against our sex (perhaps some things of that sort that were Dean Swift's may be taken for his); but if he had, his extraordinary regard for his mother, and friendship for Mrs. Blount, would cancel them all." And as to the charge of his works containing nothing that favours Christianity, she writes: "It seems his poem on the Messiah has escaped the diligent search of his accusers, though published with his first Miscellanies. However, supposing there was nothing of that nature in his works, his subjects not requiring it, how does that oblige us to give him up to the Deists? Sure, the dislike Mr. Pope has shown to the enemies of Christianity by bringing the most noted of them into his '*Dunciad*' and other satires, as Blount, Toland, etc., might pass, with candid judges, for something in favour of Christianity. And since he professed himself a Catholic, which he frequently does in his letters, and never dropped one word, in jest or earnest, in his public or private writings, to the disadvantage of Christianity, no violence or omission can be a sufficient ground to conclude he was not a believer." In another letter she gives her first impressions on reading "*Young's Night Thoughts*": "They have a fine strain of poetry, and tend much to wean us from depending on the uncertain comforts of this life, and to raise the mind to that future state, where alone complete and lasting happiness is to be expected."

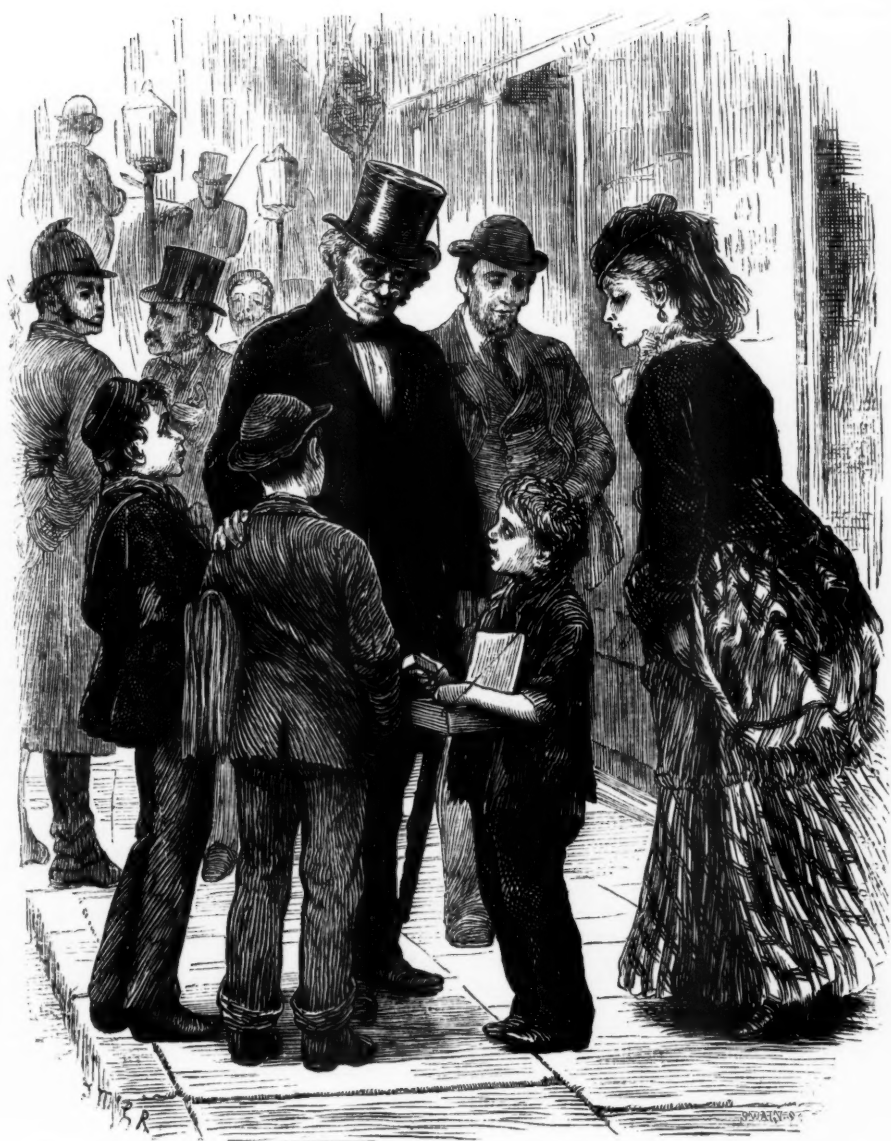
I might cull many curious extracts from the correspondence, referring to social and political as well as literary and philosophical affairs, but space forbids, and I have only to express my gratitude to this long-forgotten author for some leisure hours of pleasant and profitable reading.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE wayfarer traversing Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, will not fail to notice a building on the eastern side, and the northern end of that side, differing in aspect from the rest. A row of Ionic columns give a more imposing look than belongs to other edifices in this somewhat dingy, albeit fashionable street. The exceptional edifice is the Royal Institution; not to be confounded with the Royal Society, although the mistake is often made.

In any other country than England "*The Royal Institution*," or its translated equivalent, would go to signify an institution supported more or less directly by the State. The Royal Institution of London has nothing whatever to do with the State, has never received a penny from the State, is, and always has been, wholly independent of State patronage and control. The designation Royal was merely a compliment bestowed by Royal warrant. That compliment necessitated heraldic arms, for which, after the ordinary routine of *Heralds' College*, the Institution had to pay.

Unlike the Royal Society, the fellowship of which



FARADAY AND THE NEWSPAPER BOYS.

[See p. 172.]

is only bestowed on those who have attained a certain rank in science, a sufficient claim to Royal Institution membership is established if the candidate, being of fair standing and repute, pays the necessary fees. The award is made by ballot, of course, but for any candidate proposed and adequately seconded the result is a matter of course.

Few incorporations of popular scientific character have met with a degree of success equal to that of the Royal Institution, now more financially prosperous than at any preceding time. Although it happens that three of the most distinguished natural philosophers and discoverers of the last hundred years, Young, Davy, and Faraday, have been officially connected with the Royal Institution, and though it has happened that three discoveries of highest rank—viz., decomposition of alkalies and alkaline earths, by Davy; the liquefaction of certain gases, by Faraday; the identity with, or rather convertibility of, magnetism into electricity, proved also by Faraday—were wrought out in the Royal Institution, yet the establishment primarily depended, and still depends, for financial success on the popularisation of science to a general, though mostly a fashionable, audience. Situated in a fashionable neighbourhood, it has succeeded in commanding science to the attention of fashionable people. During the London season the Royal Institution Friday evening lectures are brilliantly attended by ladies as well as gentlemen. Philosophers feminine and more or less fair may be often seen taking notes on these occasions, despite any fear of comment for blue-stocking tendencies notwithstanding.

Though aspiring to be fashionable always, the Royal Institution has greatly wandered from some of its original ideas of existence and utility. At present, the connection of its laboratory work and lectures with branches of trade and manufactures carried on in workshops attached to the premises, if proposed, would be dismissed with a cold shrug or a smile. In the beginning, however, one chief aim of the Royal Institution was to impart not the rudiments of science, on which technical arts are based, but the technical arts themselves, and that to selected resident workmen. It is quite amusing now, and not a little strange, to read the following, taken from the original scheme of proposals for establishing the Royal Institution:—

"Spacious and airy rooms will be prepared for the reception and public exhibition of all such new and mechanical inventions and improvements as shall be thought worthy of the public notice, and more especially of all such contrivances as shall tend to increase the conveniences and comforts of life, to promote domestic economy, to improve taste, or to promote useful industry. The most perfect models of the full size will be provided and exhibited in different parts of the public repository of all such new mechanical inventions and improvements as are applicable to the common purposes of life. Under this head will be included cottage fireplaces, and kitchen utensils for cottages. A complete kitchen for a farmhouse, with all necessary utensils. A complete kitchen, with kitchen utensils, for the family of a gentleman of fortune. A complete laundry for a gentleman's family, or for a public hospital, including boilers, washing room, ironing room, drying room, etc. Several of the most approved German, Swedish, and Russian stoves for heating rooms and passages. In

order that those who visit this establishment may be enabled to acquire more just ideas of these various mechanical contrivances, and of the circumstances on which their peculiar merit principally depends, the machinery exhibited will, as far as shall be possible, be shown in action, or in actual use, and with regard to many of the articles, it is evident that this can be done without any difficulty, and with very little additional expense."

Evidently, if the Royal Institution had been established and carried out on this scheme, it would have resembled, on a very small scale, the machinery annexe of the Sydenham Crystal Palace.

The origination of the Royal Institution must be attributed to Count Rumford, and—writes Dr. Bence Jones, in his recent book on the Royal Institution, to which we are much indebted for the statements contained in this article—"would certainly have failed but for Davy. Moreover, it will be seen that before Faraday came there, it had been the home of Dr. Garnett and Dr. Thomas Young. Dr. Dalton had lodged and lectured for weeks there. Sydney Smith, Coleridge, Sir James Smith, Dibdin, Dr. Crotch, Campbell, Landseer, Opie, and Flaxman had also lectured there. Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Cavendish had been managers, and Dr. Wollaston and Dr. Jenner had been members."

It was in 1799 that Count Rumford first gave effect to his scheme in the house of Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society. It was first called the Rumford Institution. The idea was not original, but suggested by what Count Rumford had already done for the poor in Munich.

Much as Count Rumford had to do with establishing the Royal Institution, yet now, reviewing the past, he would seem to have been an uncomfortable colleague; arrogant, imperious, over-confident in his own opinions, willing to make the Royal Institution too exclusively an establishment for carrying into practice his own ideas, more especially in relation to the house economy of fuel. Remembering what the Royal Institution is now, it is somewhat curious to find in early records of that home of philosophy and science a notice of printers' work conducted on the premises, of model-making, of tin-plate working, and, more than all, of a cook appointed to the establishment for illustrating the relative value of kitchen ranges. Nothing can more conclusively testify to the modern development of branches of art manufacture than the change which has taken place in the opinion of men relative to the best method of educating artisans with the view of qualifying them for their several avocations. Since 1799, which we may take as the period of inception of the Royal Institution, nobody having the education of an artisan—say a blacksmith—at heart would now dream of preparing him for his calling by isolating him from public workshops and confining him to the necessarily petty labours of a private smithy attached to a philosophical institution. Beyond first principles of science, philosopher-experimentalists have now more to learn from artisans than artisans from philosophers. Moreover, the patronage implied by subjecting intelligent and independent artisans to the constant supervision and dictation of their worldly and social superiors would be now deemed intolerable. Very open to objection, too, would the project have been, if practicable, of establishing a series of models illustrating, without protection to inventors, the progress of technical art. On this

point an important letter appears in Dr. Bence Jones's Memoirs, to which we have already expressed our obligation.

"Soon after the foundation of the Royal Institution," writes Dr. Bence Jones, "a request was made to one of the greatest practical mechanical philosophers of the age (probably Mr. Boulton), that he would examine the details of the establishment, and become in some way connected with the body. His refusal was prompt, and his expression of disapprobation strong."

"Your object," says he, "is one that every practical inventor ought to discountenance. You would destroy the value of the labour of the industrious. By laying open his invention you would take away the great stimulus to exertion. Suppose a man, by a great devotion of time and labour, by skill and ingenuity, has made an important combination in chemistry or mechanics, your object is to publish the details of his labours, to enable every speculator to profit by his knowledge. This, could it happen, would be ruinous to individuals, and would ultimately interfere with the commercial prosperity of Britain; for your enemies would profit by such disclosure more than your countrymen, and it would be absolutely throwing away your superiority. Were I persuaded such a plan of models could be executed, I should be seriously alarmed for the manufacturing interest of the country, but I am convinced from the nature of this part of the scheme, that it will be ephemeral, and that it will die in the cradle."

Yet another cause operated to promote decadence of the technical educational part of the Royal Institution scheme, namely, the objection of certain socially important persons who considered the teaching of science to the lower classes to have a bad political tendency. Mr. Webster, formerly connected with the Royal Institution, says, in his Recollections: "But this project for improving mechanics, well intended as it was, which promised to be so useful, and which had already gained for the Institution golden opinions, was doomed to be crushed by the timidity (for I shall forbear to speak more harshly) of a few. I was asked rudely (by an individual whom I shall not now name) what I meant by instructing the lower classes in science. I was told likewise that it was resolved upon that the plan must be dropped as quietly as possible. It was thought to have a dangerous political tendency, and I was told that if I persisted I would become a marked man! It was in vain to argue—the time was unfavourable, and I found the necessity of yielding."

Few establishments can trace their success in so large a degree to individual talent as the Royal Institution. Even the founder Rumford, though he set to work on a false principle in many respects, brought to his task an amount of determination, and evinced so much self-confidence under difficulties, that he contributed in no small measure to tide the Institution over to more prosperous times. The first two professors, Dr. Garnett and Dr. Young, achieved both a greater success than might well have been expected, considering the trammels, some very absurd, others inconsiderate, to which these gentlemen were subjected. What would be thought now of a committee of investigation to take into account the prospectus of a chemical or physical lecturer, and see that no false scientific doctrines were promulgated, as if a competent lecturer must not

necessarily be a better judge of this matter than any managing committee? Such, however, continued to be the *régime* of the Royal Institution, until young Davy came upon the scene to prove by his transcendent discoveries that his chemical opinions, at any rate, were not to be proclaimed sound or unsound by any mere committee regarding only precedent. Such a proceeding might aptly be compared with the Inquisition sitting in judgment on Galileo, and punishing him for maintaining that the earth moved round the sun.

Nobody moving in intellectual London, albeit not scientific, needs to be reminded of the connection established and maintained by either Davy or Faraday with the Royal Institution. Of Dr. Garnett hardly a trace of popular memory lingers; this is not extraordinary, considering that although the doctor was a soundly competent man, he did nothing to place himself in the ranks of original discovery. It was otherwise with Dr. Young, whose name is equally unknown out of pure scientific and literary circles; he not only was a discoverer in one of the profoundest departments of physics, the discovery to be explained farther on, but he was a man of transcendent ability in many seemingly incompatible departments of human knowledge. Sir Humphrey Davy, his colleague, wrote of Dr. Young thus: "A man of universal erudition and almost universal accomplishments. Had he limited himself to any one department of knowledge, he must have been first in that department. But as a mathematician, a scholar, and hieroglyphist he was eminent; and he knew so much that it is difficult to say what he did not know."

The following proposal made by Dr. Young to the projectors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" might seem to reflect the vainglorious confidence of a pretender to knowledge, had it not been so conscientiously and fully justified by the performance. Writing to the editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (year 1816) he says: "I would also suggest (in addition to sound) alphabet, annuities, attraction, capillary attraction, cohesion, colour, dew, Egypt, eye, forms, friction, halo, hieroglyphics, hydraulics, motion, resistance, ship, strength, tide, and waves. Anything of a medical nature which you might think desirable would of course be doubly so to me. Nor should I be difficult with respect to any other subject that might occur to you. *L'alto non temo, e l'umili non sdegno.*" He contributed sixty-three articles; forty-six were biographical.

Dr. Young, though born a Quaker, naturally amiable and even-tempered, was destined to be all his life at war in defence of one or another scientific or literary opinion. His great discovery, or rather the one he participates with Fresnel, was that of what is called the interference of light, hereafter explained. Promulgating this doctrine, now universally accepted, he was roughly handled by Lord Brougham, in the then young "Edinburgh Review." The following is a specimen of the language used. "It is difficult," wrote Lord Brougham, "to argue with an author whose mind is filled with a medium of so fickle and vibratory a nature. Were we to take the trouble to refute him, he might tell us, *My opinion is changed, and I have abandoned that hypothesis, but here is another for you.* We demand if the world of science which Newton once illuminated is to be as changeable in its modes as the world of taste, which is directed by the nod of a silly woman

or a pampered fop? Has the Royal Society degraded its publications into bulletins of new and fashionable theories for the ladies who attend the Royal Institution? *Proh pudor!* Let the professor continue to amuse his audience with an endless variety of such harmless trifles, but in the name of science let them not find admittance into that venerable repository which contains the works of Newton, and Boyle, and Cavendish, and Maskelyne, and Herschel."

Young's most famous experiment Brougham threw aside, asserting the experiment to have been inaccurately made. To this Dr. Young replied: "The reviewer has here afforded me an opportunity for a triumph as gratifying as any triumphs can be where an enemy is so contemptible. Conscious of inability to explain the experiment, he is compelled to advance the supposition that it was incorrect. Let him make the experiment, and then deny the result if he can."

It may probably be considered that in this notice of the Royal Institution we are giving undue importance to comparatively unknown men, leaving such transcendent luminaries as Davy and Faraday out of our notice. We have a reason, and we think it cogent. The transcendent luminaries, so at least it seems to us, may be allowed to take care of themselves. As regards Faraday, his whole career and his discoveries have been so fully and so frequently descanted on, that in a mere popular notice—and this pretends to be no more—little in addition remains to be said. Personal characteristics and eccentricities of character are at the best but sorry elements of biography, and be it remembered the history of the Royal Institution is that of a consecutive biography. Would it be right that we descanted on Davy's partiality for piebald waistcoats, or on the amusing fact that Dr. Young prided himself, in early life at least, more on ability to ride and dance than on all his other acquirements? (*Nota bene.*—He never *could* dance well; and as for riding, he got thrown on his first essay at hunting whilst a student at Cambridge.) No; we will not expatiate on any of these things, though some of them, such as that delineated by the artist of Faraday, reveal more than peculiarity of manner. The great man, in his real goodness of heart, used to stop the little news-boys, and say kindly words to them, being reminded of his own early days, when he used to carry round the papers to his master's customers. When a man of eminence is put into print, his whole career anatomised, it often seems that—his weaknesses regarded—he is more weak than the majority. Of the minority—alas! the small follies they have float each on a cork jacket in the sea of detraction. All this is foreign to our scope. We promised to explain the nature of Dr. Young's great discovery relative to the interference of light. Our readers shall have it in Dr. Young's own words, which are better and more simple than any we could substitute. They are as follows:—

"It was in May, 1801, that I discovered, by reflecting on the beautiful experiments of Newton, a law which appears to me to account for a greater variety of interesting phenomena than any other optical principle that has yet been made known. I shall endeavour to explain this law by a comparison. Suppose a number of equal waves of water to move upon the surface of a stagnant lake with a certain constant velocity, and to enter a narrow channel leading out of the lake; suppose then another

similar cause to have existed, another series of waves will arrive at the same channel with the same velocity and at the same time with the first. Neither series of waves will destroy the other, but their effects will be combined. If they enter the channel in such a manner that the elevations of one series coincide with those of the other, they must together produce a series of greater joint elevations; but if the elevations of one series are so situated as to correspond to the depressions of the other, they must exactly fill up those depressions, and the surface of the water must remain smooth; at least, I can discover no alternative either from theory or experiment. Now, I maintain that similar effects take place whenever two portions of light are thus mixed, and this I call the general law of the interference of light."

MY EXPERIENCES AMONG PUBLISHERS AND LITERARY MEN.*

I WAS so ill during the first week after my release that I could not quit my lodging. The kind friend who had sent me pecuniary relief before I quitted prison, still supplied my wants. As soon as I had strength for it, I called on Mr. Duncombe, who was then lodging in the Albany, Piccadilly. He received me with extreme kindness, and asked what I purposed doing. I told him I had written a poem, and other things, in prison, and wished he could introduce me to a publisher.

"A publisher!" said he, "why, you know, Cooper, I never published anything in my life. I know nothing of publishers. Oh, stop!" said he, suddenly, "wait a few minutes. I'll write a note, and send you to Disraeli."

He wrote the note, and read it to me. As nearly as I can remember, it ran thus:—

"MY DEAR DISRAELI,—I send you Mr. Cooper, a Chartist, red-hot from Stafford Gaol. But don't be frightened. He won't bite you. He has written a poem and a romance; and thinks he can cut out 'Coningsby,' and 'Sybil'! Help him if you can, and oblige, yours
"T. S. DUNCOMBE."

"But you would not have me take a note like that?" I said.

"Would not I?" he answered; "but I would. It's just the thing for you; get off with you, and present it at once. You'll catch him at home, just now. Grosvenor Gate—close to the Park—anybody will tell you the house—now, away with you at once!"

It was Sunday at noon, and away I went to Grosvenor Gate. A tall Hebrew in livery came to the door, with a silver waiter in his hand.

"This is Mr. Disraeli's, I believe?" I said.

"Yes; but Mr. Disraeli is not at home," was the answer, in ceremonious style.

"Then, when will he be at home?" I asked, "as I wish to present this note of introduction to him from Mr. Duncombe."

"Mr. Duncombe, the member of Parliament?" asked the man in livery. And when I answered, "Yes," he presented the waiter, and said, "You had better give me the note; Mrs. Disraeli is at home."

I gave him the note, and he closed the door, I waiting in the hall. He soon returned, saying,

* From the Autobiography of Thomas Cooper, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides." Hodder and Stoughton. A most interesting volume.

"Mr. Disraeli will see you. You understand it was my business to say, 'Not at home.' You will excuse me?"

"Why don't you bring the gentleman up?" cried a light silvery voice from above.

The servant led me up the staircase; and, at the top Mrs. Disraeli very gracefully bowed and withdrew, and the servant took me into what was evidently the literary man's "study"—a small room at the top of the house.

One sees paragraphs very often, now, in the papers about the expressionless and jaded look of the Conservative leader's face, as he sits in the House of Commons. Yet, as I first looked upon that face twenty-six years ago, I thought it one of great intellectual beauty. The eyes seemed living lights; and the intelligent yet kindly way in which Mr. Disraeli inquired about the term of my imprisonment and treatment in the prison, convinced me that I was in the presence of a very shrewd as well as highly cultivated and refined man.

"I wish I had seen you before I finished my last novel," said he; "my heroine, Sybil, is a Chartist."

I gave into his hands the mss. of the First Book of my "Purgatory of Suicides."

"I shall be happy to read it," he said; "but what do you wish me to do?"

"To write to Mr. Moxon," said I, "and recommend him to publish it—if you think it right to do so when you have looked it over."

"But Mr. Moxon is not my publisher," said he; "and I offered him a poem of my own, some years ago, but he declined to take it. Why do you wish me to write to Mr. Moxon so particularly?"

"Because he publishes poetry; and as he has published poetry of his own—"

"Ah, poet-like!" said the future Prime Minister of England,—"you think he must sympathise with you, because he is a poet. You forget that he is a tradesman too, and that poetry does not sell nowadays. Well, I'll write to Mr. Moxon, when I have looked at your manuscript."

He then directed me to call on a certain day in the week following, when he promised a note should be ready for Mr. Moxon.

I presented the note; and Mr. Moxon smiled, and said, "Mr. Disraeli knows that poetry is a drug in the market. He does not offer me one of his own novels."

Mr. Moxon declined to receive my poem, assuring me that he dared not venture to publish any poem of a new author, for there was no prospect of a sale. He was very courteous, and seemed to wish me to stay and talk. He also showed me a portrait which he valued highly in one of his rooms. I think it was a portrait of Charles Lamb. He also told me that Alfred Tennyson and the venerable Wordsworth had passed an hour together in that room lately. He looked at Mr. Disraeli's note, and read it again; and I gave the manuscript of the first book of my "Prison Rhyme" into his hands; and he read parts of it, and still detained me, to show me something else; and when I left him, he said,—

"I certainly would publish your poem, Mr. Cooper, if I saw anything like a chance of selling it; but I repeat to you, that all poetry is a perfect drug in the market, at present; and I have made up my mind to publish no new poetry whatever."

I wrote to Mr. Disraeli, and told him that I had failed, and desired him to take the trouble to write

me a note to his own publisher, Mr. Colburn, as he had offered to do at first.

By the next post, I had the note for Colburn, and soon waited on him. I sent up the note to his room; and on being invited upstairs was met by the little shrewd-looking publisher himself, and his trusty adviser Mr. Schoberl.

"We publish no poetry whatever: it is a perfect drug in the market," said Mr. Schoberl; "but Mr. Disraeli says here, in his note, that you have written a romance. What is the subject of it, pray?"

I gave him a brief description of it; and, turning to Mr. Colburn, he said, "I think Mr. Cooper might as well send us the manuscript, and let us look at it."

"By all means," said Mr. Colburn.

I took the manuscript; and they kept it a few days, when they sent it back, with a very polite refusal to publish it.

And now I ventured to call upon Mr. Disraeli the second time. He seemed really concerned at what I told him; and when I asked him to give me a note to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, he looked thoughtful, and said,—

"No; I know nothing of them personally, and I should not like to write to them. But I will give you a note to Ainsworth, and desire him to recommend you to Chapman and Hall."

I took the note to Mr. Ainsworth's house, at Kensal Green. He was not at home; but his sweet-looking daughter received Mr. Disraeli's note and my mss. from my hands very courteously, and assured me she would give them to her father.

I called again two days after, and was invited into the drawing-room, into which Mr. Ainsworth entered from his garden. He was a handsome, fresh-looking Englishman, and showed a very pearly set of teeth as he smiled. He conversed about my imprisonment; and said the poetry was excellent, but all poetry sold badly now, and he was afraid Messrs. Chapman and Hall would not be much inclined to take my poem.

"I think," he said, "I had better give you a note to John Forster, of the 'Examiner.' They consult him about everything they publish."

So I next took the mss., with Mr. Ainsworth's letter, to Mr. John Forster, and left my parcel at his office, or chambers, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for they said he was not in. When I called, two or three days afterwards, I was met by a stout, severe-looking man, who began to examine me with the spirit of a bitter Whig examining a poor Chartist at the bar. He seemed not to hear anything I said, unless it was an answer to one of his lawyer-like questions; and he usually interrupted me if I spoke before he put another question to me. I knew that was the practice of lawyers; but I thought a man with the intellect of John Forster should sink the character of lawyer—should forget his profession—while talking to a poor literary aspirant.

"I suppose you would have no objection to alter the title you give yourself?" he said; "I certainly should advise you to strike 'the Chartist' out."

"Nay, sir," I replied; "I shall *not* strike it out. Mr. Disraeli advised me not to let any one persuade me to strike it out; and I mean to abide by his advice. I did not resolve to style myself 'the Chartist' upon the title-page of my book, without a good deal of consideration."

My offended interlocutor frowned, and bit his lip; and seemed determined to get quit of the thing.

"Well, Mr. Cooper," he said, in conclusion, "I will give you a note to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. There can be no question as to the excellence of your poetry; but I do not know how far it may be advisable for Messrs. Chapman and Hall to connect themselves with your Chartism."

I could not see that any publisher would necessarily connect himself with my Chartism by publishing my poem; but I said no more to the Whig literary man, for I wanted to be gone.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall seemed to take great interest in me, when I went to them. At their own request, I fetched the entire mss. of my "Prison Rhyme," the "Romance," and the "Tales," from my lodging, and put them all into their hands, that they might form their own judgment of them, as I supposed. But, I have no doubt, the entire parcel was transferred to Mr. John Forster. About a week passed, and I was told my "Poem" and "Romance" were declined; but they, *perhaps*, might take the "Tales," if I would wait till some volumes they were then issuing, or about to issue, in a series, were published. I turned away, *disappointed*, in this instance; for the eager interest with which Messrs. Chapman and Hall first received me, and the manner in which they requested me to show them all the mss. I had, had rendered me sanguine that they would really become my publishers.

I went to call on my old friend Mr. Dougal Macgowan, the printer of the "Kentish Mercury,"—whom I had not seen since I ceased to edit that paper, and left London, in November, 1840. He was now printing the "Northern Star," for O'Connor; for the paper was nearly ruined, like Chartism itself, about this time, and O'Connor had transferred the publication of the paper from Leeds to London, with the hope of restoring its circulation. Mr. Macgowan assured me that O'Connor was sorry for having written against me, and wished I would call on him at his lodgings in Great Marlborough Street, as he wished to apologise to me, and renew his friendship with me. I told Mr. Macgowan that since O'Connor had not signified his recantation in the "Northern Star," I should decline calling upon him.

About a week after I met Mr. Macgowan, and he was very urgent with me to go and see O'Connor. He assured me that O'Connor took great interest in my poem, and wished me to read some parts of it to him.

"To tell you the truth," said Mr. Macgowan, "he affirms that if you will give the manuscript into my hands, he himself will pay for the printing of it. And, surely, if it be printed, we can get it published, somehow. Do go and see him, and hear what he says, that you may judge for yourself."

This occurred the very day after my manuscripts had been sent back by Chapman and Hall, following on the heel of all the other failures. Macgowan's hint seemed to open the way for escape from difficulty to a man who was set fast. It was not the way I wanted my poem to get before the eyes and minds of readers; but when a man is in a strait, he feels he cannot afford to despise any offer of help.

I went and saw O'Connor, and he apologised with great apparent sincerity; and said he would make an open apology in his paper. I had to read parts of my "Purgatory" to him. He had had the education of a gentleman, and had not lost his relish for Virgil and Horace, at that time of day; and, while I read, he listened, and made very intelligent criticisms.

He begged that I would permit him to bear the expense of printing my poem; and that I would put it into Macgowan's hands immediately. As for a publisher, he felt sure, he said, that there would be no difficulty in finding one.

So I took my manuscript to Mr. Macgowan, and soon began to see the proof-sheets. Occasionally, I called on O'Connor, and conversed with him; and he invariably expounded his land scheme to me, and wished me to become one of its advocates. But I told him I could not; and I begged of him to give the scheme up, for I felt sure it would bring ruin and disappointment upon himself and all who entered into it. He did not grow angry with me at first, but tried to win me by assurances of his esteem and regard, and of his kindly intentions towards me. I could not, however, be won; for all he said in explication of his scheme, only served to render it wilder and worse, in my estimation.

When Macgowan had got as far as the end of the "Fourth Book" with the printing of my poem, he proposed that we should take the printed part and try some of the publishers with it.

"Because," said he, "although O'Connor has given me his word to pay the cost of printing and binding five hundred copies, yet the book will need advertising. We ought, therefore, to get some publisher to take the book, that he may advertise it."

So we set out; and as I had a lingering belief that Messrs. Chapman and Hall reluctantly gave up their wish to publish my poem through the influence of their literary adviser, I proposed that we should call on them first. Mr. Edward Chapman, however, did not seem at all favourably disposed; and Macgowan was so much disheartened with our rebuff, that he said he could not proceed further that day. He returned to Great Windmill Street, Haymarket; and I turned from Chapman and Hall's door, in the narrow part of the Strand, to walk to my lodging in Blackfriars Road. Under the postern of Temple Bar I ran against John Cleave; and he caught hold of me in surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, Cooper?" he asked; "you look very miserable, and you seem not to know where you are!"

"Indeed," I answered, "I am very uneasy; and I really did not see you when I ran against you."

"But what is the matter with you?" he asked again.

"I owe you three-and-thirty pounds," said I; "and I owe a deal of money to others; and I cannot find a publisher for my book. Is not that enough to make a man uneasy?"

And then I told him how I and Macgowan had just received a refusal from the publishing house in the Strand. More I needed not to tell him; for I had told him all my proceedings from the time I left prison, and ever found him an earnest and kind friend.

"Come along with me," said he; "and I'll give you a note to Douglas Jerrold; he'll find you a publisher."

"Do you know Douglas Jerrold?" I asked.

"Know him!" said the fine old Radical publisher; "I should think I do. I've trusted him a few half-pence for a periodical, many a time, when he was a printer's apprentice. If he does not find you a publisher, I'll forfeit my neck. Jerrold's a brick!"

So I went to the little shop in Shoe Lane, whence

John Cleave issued so many thousands of sheets of Radicalism and brave defiance of bad governments, in his time; and he gave me a hearty note of commendation to Jerrold, and told me to take it to the house on Putney Common. I went without delay, and left Cleave's note, and the part of the "Purgatory" which Macgowan had printed, with Mrs. Jerrold, and intimated that I would call again in three or four days.

I called, and received a welcome so cordial, and even enthusiastic, that I was delighted. The man of genius grasped my hand, and gazed on my face, as I gazed on his, with unmistakable pleasure.

"Glad to see you, my boy!" said he; "your poetry is noble—it's manly; I'll find you a publisher. Never fear it. Sit you down!" he cried, ringing the bell; "what will you take? some wine? Will you have some bread and cheese? I think there's some ham—we shall see."

It was eleven in the forenoon; so I was in no humour for eating or drinking. But we drank two or three glasses of sherry; and were busy in talk till twelve.

"I had Charles Dickens here last night," said he; "and he was so taken with your poem that he asked to take it home. I have no doubt he will return it this week, and then I will take it into the town, and secure you a publisher. Give yourself no uneasiness about it. I'll write to you in a few days, and tell you it is done."

And he did write in a few days, and directed me to call on Jeremiah How, 132, Fleet Street, who published Jerrold's "Cakes and Ale," and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Irish Tales," the "Illustrated Book of Ballads," and other popular novelties of the time. Mr. How agreed at once to be my publisher.

My "Purgatory of Suicides: a Prison Rhyme, in Ten Books; by Thomas Cooper the Chartist"—as it was entitled, was published in September, 1845. Some will think, perhaps, that I have been too minute in narrating the sinuosities of my experience in attempting to get my book before the reading public. Yet I humbly judge that I am simply making legitimate contributions to literary history, by giving the details of my experience. The narrative may be of real service to some poor literary aspirant in the future.

The first trumpet-blast that was heard in praise of my poem was that from the "Britannia" newspaper. This periodical had been edited by Dr. Croly, and had risen to considerable literary reputation and influence. The criticism on my poem was *not* written by Dr. Croly, as people have reported; but by the editor who succeeded him, Mr. David Trevenian Coulton. Mr. Coulton was a most kind-hearted man, and a great enthusiast in aught that he approved; but his commendation of my poem was too undistinguishing, and was greater than it deserved. William Howitt's generosity led him to write a very enthusiastic eulogy of my "Prison Rhyme" in the "Eclectic Review;" and he also sent a very noble congratulatory letter to me, and I went to see him and good Mary Howitt. Our friendship has continued till I am growing old, and he is really an old man. None of the great or leading periodicals of the day noticed my existence; but the commendations of my book in smaller periodicals were countless; and the 500 copies which formed the first edition were sold off before Christmas.

Alas! my poor publisher's money was exhausted.

He had spent a nice little fortune on publishing. And now the great printer on whom he had leaned, and from whom he had expected credit—even the *millionaire*, as he was accounted to be—had gone into the shade, on account of unprosperous railway speculations. In short, my publisher failed; and my seemingly bright literary prospects were blighted!

I received thirty-two pounds from Mr. How for the two volumes of "Tales;" but not a farthing for the "Purgatory." In fact, though we *talked* of my having £500 for the copyright of it, we never drew up any agreement in writing, for either the "Purgatory" or "The Baron's Yule Feast": so that my poems were still entirely my own when Mr How failed.

Let no one suppose, however, that my literary labours produced me only disappointment and disaster. One of the first to call public attention to my "Prison Rhyme" was the eloquent W. J. Fox, at that time one of the most popular speakers in London and the country, and afterwards M.P. for Oldham.

Through the commendation of me by Mr. Fox, the Committee of the National Hall invited me to lecture. Among the hearers was Mr. William Ellis, then a plain citizen of London, but afterwards well-known and most deservedly respected as the founder of the Birkbeck Schools. He accompanied me to my lodgings in Blackfriars Road, one night at the close of October, 1845, and wrote me out a cheque on a Lombard Street bank for £100.

I paid brave John Cleave his thirty-three pounds; sent part payment to the lawyer for the expenses of my trials, "Writ of Certiorari," effecting of "Bail," etc. etc.—and also sent sums to others to whom I was indebted; and felt happier when I had paid away the £100 than I did when I received it. I had many additional proofs of Mr. Ellis's munificent kindness afterwards.

I was favoured with interviews by the Countess of Blessington—to whom, through Mr. How's persuasion, I dedicated my "Christmas Rhyme," or "Baron's Yule Feast;" and also by Charles Dickens, with whom I afterwards corresponded, and for one of whose periodicals I wrote a little. But the most illustrious man of genius to whom my poem gave me an introduction was Thomas Carlyle. I had dedicated my volume to him *without leave asked*, and from simple and real intellectual homage—in a sonnet composed but a day or two before I quitted the gaol. At first, I meant to prefix a sonnet as a dedication to each book, and I wrote three or four of the sonnets—one to my playfellow, Thomas Miller, another to Thomas More (who was then living), and another to Harriet Martineau. But I put this thought aside—fearing it would be deemed too formal (though there is a separate dedication to each book of "Mar-mion"), and resolved to dedicate the volume to Mr. Carlyle. I sent him the poem; and he sent me a letter so highly characteristic of his genius that I insert it here:—

"Chelsea, September 1, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your Poem; and will thank you for that kind gift, and for all the friendly sentiments you entertain towards me,—which, as from an evidently sincere man, whatever we may think of them otherwise, are surely valuable to a man.

"I have looked into your Poem, and find indisputable traces of genius in it,—a dark Titanic energy struggling there, for which we hope there will be clearer daylight by-and-by! If I might presume to advise, I think I would recommend you to

try your next work in *Prose*, and as a thing turning altogether on *Facts*, not *Fictions*. Certainly the *music* that is very traceable here might serve to irradiate into harmony far profitabler things than what are commonly called 'Poems,'—for which, at any rate, the taste in these days seems to be irrevocably in abeyance. We have too horrible a Practical Chaos round us; out of which every man is called by the birth of him to make a bit of *cosmos*: that seems to me the real Poem for a man,—especially at present. I always grudge to see any portion of a man's *musical talent* (which is the real intellect, the real vitality, or life of him) expended on making mere *words* rhyme. These things I say to all my Poetic friends,—for I am in real earnest about them: but get almost nobody to believe me hitherto. From you I shall get an excuse at any rate; the purpose of my so speaking being a friendly one towards you.

"I will request you farther to accept this Book of mine, and to appropriate what you can of it. 'Life is a serious thing,' as Schiller says, and as you yourself practically know! These are the words of a serious man about it; they will not altogether be without meaning for you.

"Unfortunately, I am just in these hours getting out of town; and, not without real regret, must deny myself the satisfaction of seeing you at present.

"Believe me to be, with many good wishes,

"Yours very truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

A copy of "Past and Present" came by the same postman who brought me this letter—containing Mr. Carlyle's autograph. The reader may remember that the motto to "Past and Present" is from Schiller—"Ernst ist das Leben"—*Life is a serious thing*.

I owe many benefits to Mr. Carlyle. Not only richly directoral thoughts in conversation, but deeds of *substantial* kindness. Twice he put a five-pound note into my hand, when I was in difficulties; and told me, with a look of grave humour, that if I could never pay him again, he would not hang me.

Just after I sent him the copy of my "Prison Rhyme," he put it into the hands of a young, vigorous, inquiring intelligence who had called to pay him a reverential visit at Chelsea. The new reader of my book sought me out and made me his friend. That is twenty-six years ago, and our friendship has continued and strengthened, and has never stiffened into patronage on the one side, or sunk into servility on the other—although my friend has now become "Right Honourable," and is the Vice-President of "Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council."

At the very moment that I read the *revise* of this chapter, my friend has become about the "best-abused" man in England. But I am so sure of his most pellucid conscientiousness and sterling political integrity, that I fully believe his most determined foes at the present will become his most devoted friends in the future.

Varieties.

TIME-TABLE.—Working days in the year, 313; working hours in the day, 8. Five minutes lost each day is 3 days, 2 hours, 5 minutes; ten minutes lost is 6 days, 4 hours, 10 minutes; one hour or sixty minutes daily implies a loss of more than 39 working days in the year.

THE ATLANTIC FERRY.—There is something more than a daily ferry now between Europe and America. In fact, the rate is something like a steamer for every twelve hours from the port of Liverpool alone. During the month of May fifty-three steamships left the Mersey, of which thirty-four came to New York, eight to Boston, eight to Quebec and Montreal, and three to

Halifax, Norfolk, and Baltimore. Seventeen of these belong to the Cunard Company, eleven to the Inman, five to the National, five to the White Star, ten to the Allan, and six to the Guion Company, respectively. When to these are added the ships of the French and the German lines, we get some idea of the prodigious increase of late in steam communication between the continents. More than 32,000 persons were brought to America from Liverpool alone during May—an increase of nearly five thousand over the number for May, 1871, and a total increase since January, over the corresponding period last year, of eighteen thousand. These figures are full of significance with reference to the future of the Republic.—*New York Times*.

GARRISON TOWNS.—In Portsmouth there are 900 public-houses and beershops. No wonder that on returning from India some years back a regiment was known to spend nearly £6,000 and to lose 500 stripes, good-conduct badges, in the course of a few months spent chiefly in this garrison. The arrival of each troopship is eagerly awaited by crowds of land-sharks, and outside their own barracks there is no place where men who do not wish to drink or to be thrown with abandoned women can spend their leisure time.—*General F. Eardley Wilmot*. [Referring to a little work, entitled "Active Service" (Hatchards), describing the efforts of Miss Robinson, of Guildford, to establish a Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth.]

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PORTRAIT.—At the opening of this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, the president, Sir Francis Grant, thus alluded to the fine and interesting picture of her Majesty, surrounded by her charming grandchildren, which the Queen has been good enough to allow us to place in this year's exhibition: "There are several portraits of her Majesty in her very youthful days, but I believe this is the only picture which faithfully represents her in her more mature years, when, by a long course of constitutional government, and by the promotion of every good object, she has made herself an illustrious name, and acquired the love and respect of her people."

MINING SPECULATIONS.—With regard to American mining enterprises in London, the "New York Daily Bulletin" considers that the English people "must have a wonderful faculty for falling into snares." In New York, it says, the man would be deemed insane who should attempt to float such things. Nine times in ten the promoters are mere Western adventurers, with nothing to spare of either capital or character, and who could not find a respectable banker in New York to co-operate with them. The extraordinary feature is also pointed out that our investors never regard it as suspicious that a market should be sought on this side of the Atlantic, "where there are scant means for testing the statements of flaming prospectuses and the reports of 'well-known mining engineers' or the opinions of 'eminent professors.'" The present efforts to place mining properties in London are, it is added, the result of a wild speculative excitement in San Francisco and the Pacific States, which is stimulated by the ease with which English people have already been entrapped. "Mining stocks have fallen into the control of a handful of wealthy speculators in San Francisco who make for them just what prices they please." Their latest device has been to inaugurate the "watering" system, and some eighteen companies, with an already ample capital amounting to £4,800,000, are to have their share issues augmented to £17,400,000.

SUBURBAN QUIETUDE.—At the Brentford Petty Sessions, Mr. Augustus Mayhew, residing at Montpelier Row, Twickenham, was summoned by a woman holding a pedlar's certificate for an assault. Complainant said she was a licensed hawker, and went to the defendant's house to offer some flower-stands for sale. The defendant came to the door and said, "Be off; you have no business here, annoying people." She said she had a right to come, and held a protection (meaning her certificate) in her pocket. He then took hold of her and threw her down in the road. Mr. Mayhew, in his defence, admitted taking the complainant up in his arms, and carrying her to the roadway, having been deeply provoked. He had previously answered her three times, and she refused to take "No" for an answer. She said she could come as often as she pleased with her certificate. Defendant also complained of the number of times a day he was interrupted in his studies by persons calling at his house, and said he had as many as thirty-eight persons in one day. He now produced a list, which read thus:—"Rags or bones," "Crookery," "Sixpence a peck, peas," "Fine young rabbits," "Roots, all-a-blowing, all-a-growing," "Crochet-mats, slippers, writing paper," etc. The chairman here stated that the bench being satisfied Mr. Mayhew had used no unnecessary violence, dismissed the summons, and he cautioned the complainant.